

Good Morning 579

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Family Albums of Four Submariners

A MIXED bunch of relatives of course, at 70 Sydenham come into the limelight this morning, when we present wives, mothers, sisters, fathers and brothers for four lucky submariners.

To find the necessary material, we had to travel up and down the country, but in the end we got just what we wanted, as we usually do.

Most important person in any man's mind is, of course, his wife, so it is from the wife of C.P.O. JAMES SCOTT that we get the first news of the day.



This meant a trip right up to Drumoyne, East Bay, Dunoon, where we caught Mrs. Scott one bright Sunday morning. She was then looking forward to her holiday at Blackpool, a holiday to be spent with Phemie and Sam, and we understand the mention of the place will bring back memories to you. Let's hope it has.

Everyone at home was looking very well, and they certainly had every right to with their holidays so close.

You will certainly be in luck's way next time you are at the "Crown." Mary is often asking after you, and she is reserving a good large drop of Scotch to welcome you home.

Your wife is certainly having fun at home with the crockery. The other week, she told us, she dropped a whole trayful of plates and didn't break one, which is certainly something of an achievement.

From Paul Collins, from Phemie and Sam, and from your wife, come the warmest of greetings for you, C.P.O. James Scott.

From the C.P.O.'s wife at Dunoon, we come right down south to Croydon, where a warm welcome waits us from the A.B.'s Mother. Which A.B.? Why, A. B. JACK CLARK,



Remember the Croydon Baths where you spent so many happy hours, Jack? Your Mother told us it is one of your favourite haunts when you are on leave, and we hope you will soon be enjoying yourself there again.

Until then, the whole family wish you the best of luck, and send you their love.

After calling on a wife and a mother we took a breathing space, and then moved to Lee, S.E.12, to meet the sister of A.B. GEORGE HEYWARD, at 114, Alwold Crescent.

We learned that Charlie has been home on leave recently and has been staying with Sydney in Lancashire.

Dolly and Ted are doing pretty well, and Ivy is expecting her husband, Ernie War, home on leave soon. Babs and Charlie send their love and wish you all the best. Charlie visited Flossie recently and they are all doing well.

Arthur's foot is now going on nicely, and he hopes soon to

return to work, and Violet is still just as bright and breezy as ever, when she's not grousing about imaginary aches and pains! Clara is on the high seas and is coming your way, so he is keeping a look-out for you.

Vera reports that Dad is very much better, and she says the piano sounds twice as good when you are not there to criticise. She wonders whether you can still find some girls like her who are mugs enough to do a spot of darning. What's the answer to that, George?

Bobbie, Rocky and Fluffie still sit at the window together to welcome you when you return.

Charlie made the suggestion that Mother should throw a party on your 21st birthday, so you can rest assured that even if you are not home, you certainly will not be forgotten.

So all at home wish you an early and safe return, and love from all at No. 114.

From S.E.12 we went across to S.W.20, where at 90, Elm



Walk, Raynes Park, we found the brother of L.S. GEORGE SIMPSON leaning on the front gate. Bill told us that your Mother had evacuated to Leicester with Phil and Terry, and added some hot news—you have a new nephew named Michael.

He had been trying for an hour that morning to get the boiler going in the kitchen and when we called had only just learnt the trick of it.

No. 90 is still standing up all right in spite of a pretty close one some while ago. Dad is still keeping things going at the M.O.L., where he will soon be doing Bevin out of a job.

Norman is now stationed at Alexandria and is doing fine.

Bill was soon on the urge to get moving down to the "Earl Beatty," where he was meeting your old pal Sid, on draught to Eastern waters, but before he left he sent you best wishes from all the lads at the "Beatty," and added "Glasses up till we meet again."

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W. H. MILLIER at the JOLLY ROGER PEER BROKE MYTH OF ATHLETE'S HEART



An all-round sportsman, water was his element—Lord Desborough.

THE Jolly Roger stands as firmly as it did on the day it was built centuries ago. It will take more than V.I.s or V.2s or any other vile contraptions the Jerrys can send over, to wipe it off the earth. The coldest blasts from the icy north cannot chill the warmth of that cosy, old bar parlour.

As for the jolly crowd of sportsmen who seek congenial company beneath its hospitable roof, nothing can get them down for long.

They all send hearty greetings to submariners wherever they may be, and will continue to drink a toast to them as fellow-sportsmen who will never throw in the towel.

It seems that I owe some explanation for my apparent neglect of our sporting pals. No, I have not been on the water-wagon to such an extent that I have been compelled to turn the other way when my footsteps were leading me to our own particular pub. Nothing of the sort.

The explanation is that I thought, mistakenly as it seems, that you might wish for something different by way of a change. Ron Richards, whom you must know by now as a twentieth-century wandering minstrel, tells me that many of you have been asking what has happened to The Jolly Roger.

That is why I hasten to assure you that the old inn is indeed intact, with its precious store still in the cellar, and the sporting pals as talkative as ever. I assumed that I had

made it clear some time ago that I was yours to command, and that still holds good. It is in that spirit that I sharpen my pencil-stub to record the proceedings in the bar parlour.

I guess that all you fellows who are at present in the hot spots may like to picture this pleasant little island in your mind's eye (as if it is ever out of it!) as it is always depicted on Christmas cards, though seldom actually seen in its white mantle at the time in question.

This year, however, it has decided for once in a way to run, if not true to form, at least true to tradition. We had to muffle ourselves to the chin to tramp through the father and mother of a hoar frost to reach the warmth of our village pub.

I wish I could give you a picture of it here, as I am sure you would say: "That's a grand sight. There is only one spot on the earth's surface where you can see such a pretty picture." And you are right.

Let all who will make fun of our national characteristic of talking about the weather. Even if it is not always as we expect it to be at home, it is still worth talking about, as it, at least, makes the requisite opening for what might follow in the way of interesting conversation.

It was the weather that led to the line which the discussion was to take at the Jolly Roger.

All the cronies were there, and Paddy Lynch, thinking of the likely winners he might have backed, if only they had run, was bewailing the fact that Jack Frost should, as usual, play the part of spoiler.

"Isn't it just the luck of the poor devils who get their living by training jumpers, or riding over the sticks, to have to go three years without a race, and then, the moment they are able to resume, to wake up and find the whole face of the land frostbound, and no racing?"

"Yes," said the guv'nor, "the jumping crowd have good reason to grumble. Not that they do, as they are all good sportsmen, but it does look as if the luck has been all against them during this war. I think the authorities might easily have stretched a point by permitting them to have a few meetings just as they have done with flat-racing. Still, let us hope they will not have many more cancellations due to hard frost."

"If it stops professional football games," said Bernard, "then you may be sure everything else will stop."

"There's one thing it didn't stop," put in Nat, "and that is the time-honoured ritual of the Christmas Day swim in the Serpentine."

"Don't remind me of it," exclaimed Bernard. "The very thought of breaking the ice to have a swim on Christmas Day makes me shiver all over."

TWO GREAT SPORTS.

"And to think most of 'em are older than some of the Chelsea Pensioners, makes you realise that we must be pretty tough as a race," said Nat. "I often think of old Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny and his daily dive, winter and summer, until he was past eighty. He used to say to me, 'That's the thing to keep you fit and make you tough,' and I must say that it worked out right in his case, and it certainly didn't kill him before his time."

"Do you know," asked the guv'nor, "that most of these enthusiastic swimmers live to a ripe old age? They give the lie to the myth of the 'athlete's heart' taking a man off early in life. Most of them have been brilliant athletes as well as good swimmers."

"For instance, there is that grand old sportsman, Lord Desborough. He has just died in his 90th year. You can hardly mention water without thinking of Lord Desborough, for, aptly enough, he was Chairman of the Thames Conservancy, and lived for years with the Thames lapping his garden at Taplow Court."

"If anyone could claim the title of 'all-round sportsman,' it was Lord Desborough."

"He has shone at cricket, athletics, rowing, swimming, fencing, angling, mountaineering, and goodness knows what else, but for the most part the water has been his own particular element."

"At Oxford he was President of the University Rowing and Athletic Club; rowed in two inter-varsity boat races and rowed in the Leander Eight in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. He also held the amateur punting championship for three years, and retired undefeated. He rowed from Oxford to London in 22 hours, including time wasted at the locks."

"Shortly after this he stroked an outrigger eight across the English Channel, and then went to Niagara and swam across below the Falls. He did this twice just to show that the first time wasn't a fluke. Then he tried mountaineering and climbed the Matterhorn three times."

RACE FOR LIFE.

"He was also a wonderful swordsman. He won the Epee prize at the Military Tournament in 1904 and again in 1906 and was three times included in Great Britain's International Epee team. As an angler he favoured big game fishing and caught 100 tarpon in three weeks at Florida Bay."

"When he was acting as a war correspondent in the Sudan, Lord Desborough, or perhaps I should say, W. H. Grenfell, as he was then, saved his own life by his ability to run."

"Without knowing that he was so close to the enemy, he was interrupted in his note-taking by a mob of Dervishes suddenly appearing within a few yards of him."

"He was sorry he couldn't time himself, because he felt sure that in putting distance between himself and the Dervishes he beat his own best time for three miles at Oxford."

"You are right, guv'nor," said Nat. "He is certainly entitled to be described as a great all-rounder. Let us have another round, so that we can drink to the memory of a great sportsman."

"I think one of the best things he did was when he founded the Sportsmen's Club, which was formed solely for the purpose of entertaining visiting sportsmen from foreign countries and our Dominions overseas."

"That served to fill a long-felt want. It was very difficult for visiting athletes and others in a similar capacity to know how to get in touch with the right people when coming to our country for the first time. That was certainly a grand thought of Lord Desborough's to form a club for the purpose of welcoming sporting visitors."

"I'll bet the events of the past five years upset Lord Desborough badly," said Bernard. "You see, he was one of the leaders of the movement to foster good relations with other countries through the medium of international sport."

"Yes," put in the guv'nor. "He worked hard for the success of the Olympic Games and devoted much of his time on the council of which he was past president."

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USELESS EUSTACE



"See the sneer on his face when he thought I'd missed him?"

Home Town News

IF you chance one day to be passing Blagdon Lakes in Somerset you may see a Polish flag fluttering on the bank. It marks the spot where Capt. J. K. Kieszowski, prominent Penarth angler, made a mighty catch.

It is not a fanciful dream of the usual angler but is testified by all the big-shots in the angling world. Last season he landed a 6lb. 2oz. brown trout and this season has capped it by bringing to the bank a "Rainbow," a fine specimen, 4lb. 12ozs.

So successful has he been that friends secured a Polish flag and set it up on the scene of his best catch.

LUCKY ELEPHANT.

IN 1942 nearly £10,000 was spent on converting an old railway tunnel (Cann Tunnel), five miles from the centre of Plymouth, into an air-raid deep shelter, with bunks for 1,000, three canteens, first-aid post, etc., all 50 to 90 feet underground.

The tunnel was intended to house women, children and old folk in the event of stepped-up blitzes, which failed to materialise.

It was never used and proved an expensive white elephant. But any-colour elephant is better than more bombs!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning,"

c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A Pity to Waste a Brand New Guillotine

AH Cho was glad to be out in the sunshine. He sat beside the gendarme and beamed. He beamed more ardently than ever when he noted the mules headed south toward Atimaono. Undoubtedly Schemmer had sent for him to be brought back.

Schemmer wanted him to work. Very well, he would work well. Schemmer would never have cause to complain. It was a hot day. There had been a stoppage of the trades. The mules sweated, Cruchot sweated, and Ah Cho sweated. But it was Ah Cho that bore the heat with the least concern. He had toiled three years under that sun on the plantation. He beamed, and beamed with such genial good nature, that even Cruchot's heavy mind was stirred to wonderment.

"You are very funny," he said at last.

Continuing THE CHINAGO By JACK LONDON

Ah Cho nodded and beamed more ardently. Unlike the magistrate, Cruchot spoke to him in the Kanaka tongue, and this, like all Chinagos and all foreign devils, Ah Cho understood.

"You laugh too much," Cruchot chided. "One's heart should be full of tears on a day like this."

"I am glad to get out of the jail."

"Is that all?" The gendarme shrugged his shoulders.

"Is it not enough?" was the retort.

"Then you are not glad to have your head cut off?"

Ah Cho looked at him in abrupt perplexity, and said—

"Why, I am going back to Atimaono to work on the plantation for Schemmer. Are you not taking me to Atimaono?"

Cruchot stroked his long moustaches reflectively. "Well, well," he said finally, with a flick of the whip at the off mule, "so you don't know?"

"Know what?" Ah Cho was beginning to feel a vague alarm. "Won't Schemmer let me work for him any more?"

"Not after to-day." Cruchot laughed heartily. It was a good joke. "You see you won't be able to work after to-day. A man with his head off can't work, eh?" He poked the Chinago in the ribs, and chuckled.

Ah Cho maintained silence while the mules trotted a hot mile. Then he spoke: "Is Schemmer going to cut off my head?"

Cruchot grinned as he nodded. "It is a mistake," said Ah Cho, gravely. "I am not the Chinago that is to have his head cut off. I am Ah Cho. The honourable judge has determined that I am to stop twenty years in New Caledonia."

The gendarme laughed. It was a good joke, this funny Chinago trying to cheat the guillotine. The mules trotted through a cocoanut

grove and for half a mile beside the sparkling sea before Ah Cho spoke again.

"I tell you I am not Ah Chow. The honourable judge did not say that my head was to go off."

"Don't be afraid," said Cruchot, with the philanthropic intention of making it easier for his prisoner. "It is not difficult to die that way." He snapped his fingers. "It is quick—like that. It is not like hanging on the end of a rope and kicking and making faces for five minutes. It is like killing a chicken with a hatchet. You cut its head off, that is all. And it is the same with a man. Pouf!—it is over. It doesn't hurt. You don't even think it hurts."

"You don't think. Your head is gone, so you cannot think. It is very good. That is the way I want to die—quick, ah, quick. You are lucky to die that way. You might get the leprosy and fall to pieces slowly, a finger at a time, and now and again a thumb, also the toes."

"I knew a man who was burned by hot water. It took him two days to die. You could hear him yelling a kilometre away. But you? Ah! so easy! Chck!—the knife cuts your neck like that. It is finished. The knife may even tickle. Who can say? Nobody who died that way ever came back to say."

He considered this last an excruciating joke, and permitted himself to be convulsed with laughter for half a minute. Part of his mirth was assumed, but he considered it his humane duty to cheer up the Chinago.

"But I tell you I am Ah Cho,"



Perhaps you'd like to buy my torso?"

the other persisted. "I don't want Papeete to Atimaono, and over half the distance was covered by my head cut off."

Cruchot scowled. The Chinago was carrying the foolishness too far, tured into speech.

"I am not Ah Chow—" Ah Cho began.

"That will do," the gendarme interrupted. He puffed up his cheeks and strove to appear fierce.

"I tell you I am not—" Ah Cho began again.

"Shut up!" bawled Cruchot. After that they rode along in silence. It was twenty miles from

"I saw you in the court-room, when the honourable judge sought after our guilt," he began. "Very good. And do you remember that Ah Chow whose head is to be cut off—do you remember that he—Ah Chow—was a tall man. Look at me."

He stood up suddenly, and (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A honda is a snake, fish, part of a lasso, drink, leather tent?
2. In what country would you expect to find Ballyragget?
3. What is the capacity (in pints) of the human stomach?
4. What English King surrendered himself to the Scots?

5. What are the "Ashes" contested for in the England v. Australia cricket Test matches?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Barrister, Solicitor, Magistrate, Judge, Attorney, Counsel.

Answers to Quiz in No. 578

1. In the open air.
2. Aestivation.
3. Animals.
4. About 40 ounces.
5. 1857.
6. Bar is not a musical note; others are.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE fate of some of Britain's rural areas and beauty spots taken over by the Army for battle training will probably not be decided until after the war.

It is possible that some may be permanent "battle areas," but there can be no definite ruling yet.

"No decision is likely until after the war, and then it will depend on just how the Army is going about its training," says the War Office.

This was the reply received by Wareham and Purbeck Rural District Council, who are pressing for the return of Studland and Tynham, Dorsetshire beauty spots, to the owners and tenants after the war.

Committee chairman, Major F. Holland-Swann, who described Purbeck as "a perfectly delectable district," said it would be a great national disaster to turn it into a range.

Other councillors pointed out that most of the tenants are not ordinary ones. Their fathers, grandfathers, and even great-grandfathers, have occupied the same holdings.

★

SHORTAGE of farm labour is now so acute in Lincolnshire that farm workers are able to place villages known to be backward on an unofficial "black list." Farmers in these villages find it virtually impossible to get men to work for them.

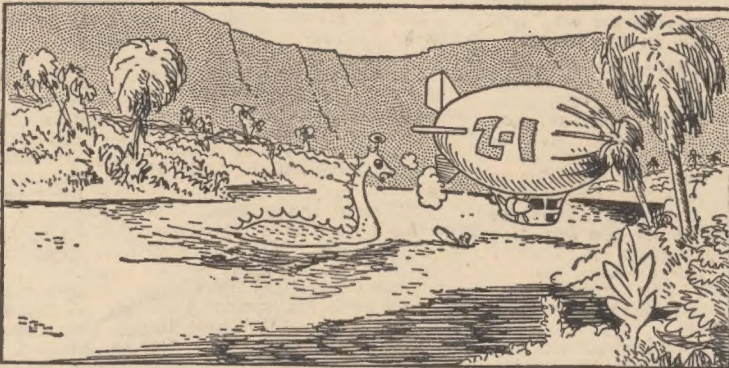
At West Torrington (population 150), no farm labourers have settled for thirteen years. The village is five and a half miles away from a school and three miles away from the nearest pub. It has no electricity, and it is little better off for transport than it was a hundred years ago, for a bus calls only twice a week.

Trying to get the place off the "black list," the council put up two Government cottages, costing £1,000 each, a year ago.

But not a single application has been received for either of the houses from a recognised farm worker.

One house has been let to a man who is temporarily employed on a farm. The other is still empty.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—518

1. Insert consonants in *TE**O** and *A*A**IA and get two States in Italy.
2. Here are two towns in Norway whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
NEGOS — OLERB.
3. If "ribstone" is the "rib" of apples, what is the rib of (a) Merry-making, (b) the Oceans?
4. Find the two numbers hidden in: Synthetic rubber is even better for tyres used on heavy vehicles.

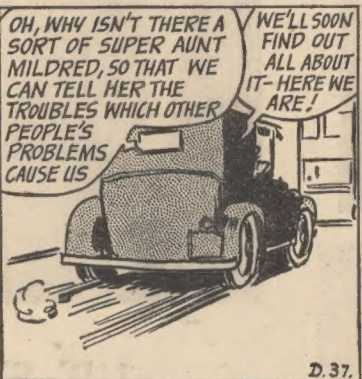
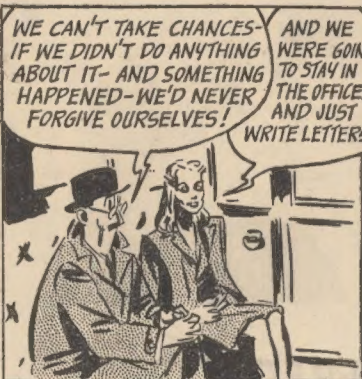
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 517

1. BRITTANY, PROVENCE.
2. CARDIFF—SWANSEA.
3. (a) Page, (b) Courage.
4. Live-r, Lam-b.

JANE



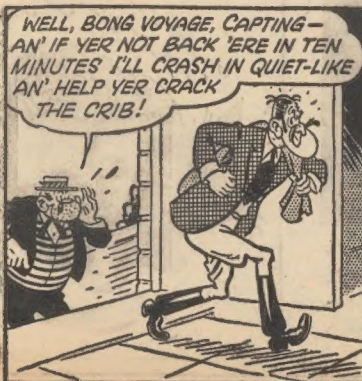
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE CHINAGO

(Continued from Page 2)
Cruchot saw that he was a short man. And just as suddenly Cruchot caught a glimpse of a memory picture of Ah Chow, and in that picture Ah Chow was tall. To the gendarme all Chinagos looked alike. One face was like another. But between tallness and shortness he could differentiate, and he knew that he had the wrong man beside him on the seat. He pulled up the mules abruptly, so that the pole shot ahead of them, elevating their collars.

"You see, it was a mistake," said Ah Cho, smiling pleasantly. But Cruchot was thinking. Already he regretted that he had stopped the wagon. He was unaware of the error of the Chief Justice, and he had no way of working it out; but he did know that he had been given this Chinago to take to Atimaono and that it was his duty to take him to Atimaono. What if he was the wrong man and they cut his head off? It was only a Chinago when hour late as it was, and the ser-

cent men, and next they cut off the head of the man that even they, in Chinago, anyway? Besides, it He put the mules into a faster trot. Their benighted ignorance, had might not be a mistake. He did The more Ah Cho persisted in ex- deemed meritorious of no more than plaining the mistake, the more twenty years' imprisonment. And

Also, if he turned back to Papeete, he would delay the execution at Atimaono, and if he were wrong in turning back, he would get a reprimand from the sergeant who was waiting for the prisoner. And, furthermore, he would get a reprimand at Pa- peete as well. He touched the mules with the whip and drove on. He looked at everything they did. First they found guilty five inno- cent men, and next they cut off the head of the man that even they, in Chinago, anyway? Besides, it He put the mules into a faster trot. Their benighted ignorance, had might not be a mistake. He did The more Ah Cho persisted in ex- deemed meritorious of no more than plaining the mistake, the more twenty years' imprisonment. And

there was nothing he could do. He could only sit idly and take what these lords of life measured out to him. Once, he got in a panic, and the sweat upon his body turned cold; but he fought his way out of it.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

ALEX CRACKS

Going into a chemist's shop, an Aberdeen man said he wanted a small "empty bottle." "That will cost you three-pence," said the chemist, handing over the bottle, "but if you care to have something in it I'll give you the bottle for nothing." "All right," replied the Aberdonian, "just put a cork in it."

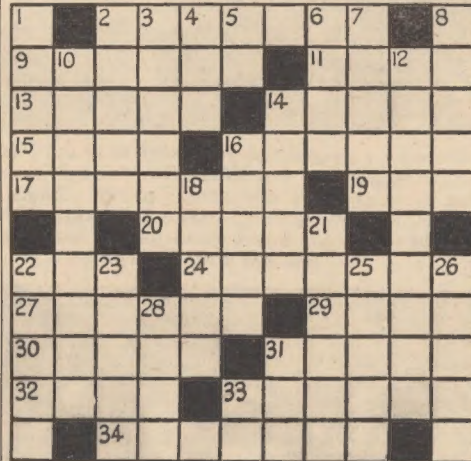
"Why do you wear rubber gloves when cutting hair?" asked the customer. "For the purpose of keeping our celebrated hair-restorer from causing hair to grow on my hands," replied the barber. He sold a bottle.

Business Man (engaging typist): "And what are your qualifications?"

She: "Well, I can type a bit and do a little shorthand, and I'm—er—a perfectly splendid dancer."

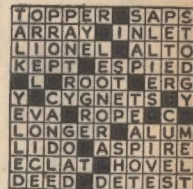
The business man was making his will. "Five hundred pounds to each man who has been with me for fifteen years," he dictated. "But you have not been in business fifteen years," said the lawyer. "True," said the other, "but it makes good publicity."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Language.
9 Arraign.
11 Boys.
13 Wooden wedge.
14 Shoots.
15 Liquid container.
16 Variegated.
17 Hardened.
19 Numbers.
20 Stormed.
22 Study.
24 Hardy annual.
27 One of U.S.A.
29 Places.
30 Conceals.
31 Country of Asia.
32 Border.
33 Withdraw.
34 Hats.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Data. 2 Soft cake. 3 Winkle. 4 Request. 5 Direction. 6 Slide. 7 Dwells tediously. 8 English county. 10 Kept talking. 12 Fixed boundaries. 14 Withered. 16 English county. 18 Nigerian capital. 21 Portray. 22 Kent town. 23 Whinny. 25 Pipes. 26 Flower. 28 Mirth. 31 Golf mound. 33 Sergeant-Major.

PHIZ QUIZ



A young lady who started her career at the bottom. But she just rubbed in arnica and carried on. Now she never falls down. (Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 578: Ingrid Bergman

WORD MAKING

HERE is a game that can be played anywhere, even in pitch darkness, by any number of players, without any equipment at all.

Everyone knows the game of "word making," in which each player adds one letter in turn, trying to avoid making a complete word.

This is apt to become monotonous, but this variation of it makes it exciting and gives a chance to those who are not very good on spelling but know how to bluff with a "poker face."

Four or more players make the best game, but two will do. Someone starts with a letter, the next player adds another, having in mind a word; the third adds another letter, also having in mind a word, although, of course, it may not be the same word as No. 2 had in mind. So far there is no objection to the letters forming a word.

It might run P-A-T, for instance. But after the third letter any player who adds a letter forming a complete word is "out."

Suppose the letters went P-A-T-R-I-C. At this point the player with 7th turn might see no alternative but K, making Patrick and a complete word (although proper names are generally better barred). He may decide to end the word and have done with it, but he has two alternatives.

One is to bluff—to add a letter such as L, without having the haziest idea what word it could form, but hoping that the man following him will be "taken in."

The other is to challenge the man who gave the last letter, C, in the belief that he was bluffing, and call on him to name the word he had in mind. If his challenge comes off and it proves the previous player was bluffing, he is all right, but if a word is correctly named the point goes against the challenger.

In the same way, if he decides to bluff, he may have his bluff called and lose, but once another letter has been added to his own, he cannot be challenged.

J. M. Michaelson

Good Morning



"Our Old Man's a fireman, and what do you think of that?" is the song these youngsters, all children of N.F.S. personnel of the West Norwood region, probably sang when they saw this magnificent cake at their Christmas party. Their parents had gone without their sugar and fat rations for weeks to make the cake. George Greenwell, who took these two pictures, said it did his heart good just to watch the children's faces. "We believe you, George!"



THIS ENGLAND. A quiet reach of the Grand Union Canal, where it flows through Cassiobury Park, near Watford. Who would dream that this lovely scene was only a few miles from the "Big Smoke"?

A ROSE
WITHOUT
A THORN



UP STEREOSCOPE!



What have we here? Why, if it isn't a picture from Papa's pierhead peepshow! Give the old buffer a pocketful of pennies, and he would play for hours. He fairly hopped with excitement every time this big scene came round and Aphrodite entered in her nightie—the hussy!

Unless we've forgotten our botany studies, that's a rambler rose clambering over Jo Carroll Denison's front elevation. Another case of "The Roses Round the Door, Make us Love Carroll More."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Just look at her—
'a penny on the
tum'!"

